
Title: My Life and the Lady Aife

Author: Justice the Ghost

I was born a
sheppard, my father
was a shepperd and
my grand-father was
a sheppard. I had no
other wish in life
than to tend my sheep.
I would spend my
days in the pastures
of Yew, tending my
sheep, selling their
wool and just
enjoying the flow of
nature around
me. Many a days I
spent talking with
Blackie, my favirite
sheep, discussing
why flowers grow
and why the birds
change their song. But
life is often cruel as I
soon learned.
One day,
tending my sheep, a
group of so called
heroes came along an
slaughtered all my
sheep, exept for my
favorite. When I asked
them why they did
this horrid thing,
they said they were
bored. They cut up my
flock and went their
way, never to think of
me or my poor dead
sheep again. So Blackie
and I, went off into
the world looking for
more sheep.
But I soon learned taht
the roads of Britannia
are filled with
ruffians, who kill,
not for sport, but for
pleasure. And I soon
meet one such group.

They attacked Blackie,
and when I charged to
save my beloved
friend, they killed me
with one stroke of the
sword. I ressurectted
often to try to save my
friend, but soon, my
body could hold my
spirit no more. All I
could do, was watch
them kill my beloved
friend. I saw them
butcher Blackie and
leave him to rot in the
woods near Britain.
Now I was filled with
rage. Rage against the
brigands, rage against
the heroes, but most
importantly, rage
against life. I hated all
that lived.
So I wondered the
cities of Britannia,
witnessing the
cruelty of killers, the
dishonesty of nobles
and the general
selfishness of man.
I wondered the land,
crying out that the
living would soon join
me, and that Justice
would never die.
I hunted all warriors,
good and evil alike. I
viewed their violent
ways as reason
enought to punish
them.
But, one day in
Moonglow, whilst
haunting the people at
the bank. A young
lady appeared on a
great stallion. Her
name was Aife, a
mage. She asked who
had hurt me, and if
there was anyway for
her to help. But was so
filled with rage and
anger that I gave her
my usual curses.
Again she pleaded
with me to tell her my
problem. But I would

not, for the torment I
felt was too great.

Then, as kindly as
before, she wished
me well and rode off
on her horse.

This act of kindness
slowly touched what
was left of my heart.

I asked myself, why
did I torment myself
in this way. If the
lady Aife was capable
of good, were not
others. Had I not
tormented myself and
others long enough. I
did decide to resurrect
myself to find the
lady Aife, and thank
her for her kindness.

But she was nowhere
to be found. So
finally, I came here to
the Lyceum, where I
am writing this book.

If any see the Lady
Aife please tell her
my story. Please
offer her my
apologies for the curse
I said onto her. And
please, give her my
eternal gratitude and
thanks for having
showed me kindness
and love.

I now go into the
netherrealms, to once
again be united with
my sheep, in the
eternal pastures.